

VOL. 8 NO. 2
MAY 1948

Shadow

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10*



Decay, Vermin and Murder
in the **BAYOU**
Even there THE SHADOW proves that
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

"Most boys would prefer stealing second base to stealing from a fruit stand"



Office of the Attorney General
Washington, D.C.

September 4, 1947

Mr. William J. de Grouchy, Editor
True Sport Magazine
42nd Street and Lexington Avenue
New York City 17, New York

My dear Mr. de Grouchy:

Opportunity for wholesome recreation should be provided for all youth everywhere, especially in the heavily populated and neglected areas of living. It is being increasingly recognized that recreation is one of the effective instruments in the prevention and treatment of delinquency. Participation in clean sports gives an opportunity for youth to learn some vital lessons in citizenship, to grow in mutual respect and understanding, to acquire self-control, to develop cooperative attitudes, and to learn the principles of honesty, fair play and good sportsmanship.

Good sports activities help in combatting the influences that interfere with the normal, wholesome life of youth. They help to save boys and girls who are already in trouble, and to prevent others from taking their first stumbling steps toward delinquency.

Most boys would prefer stealing second base to stealing from a fruit stand. They would rather throw a forward pass than heave a brick through a church window. Fill a youngster's leisure time with decent amusement, and there will be little room left for acts that lead into delinquency and crime. The character of the adult is in part shaped by the recreational activities of youth. Enlistment of youth into the realm of sports is, indeed, a most worthwhile endeavor, and a real contribution to potent American citizenship.

Sincerely,

Tom Clark
Attorney General



TOM CLARK U.S. ATTORNEY GENERAL

TRUE SPORT PICTORIAL

THE SHADOW

TERROR IN THE

BAYOU

Powell

ADAPTED FROM A SHADOW RADIO PROGRAM

REALLY, LAMONT, IF THIS ISN'T
THE MOST DEPRESSING LAND-
SCAPE... DID WE HAVE TO COME
SO DEEP INTO THE
DEEP SOUTH?!

NOW MARGOT!

COLONEL HOUSTON IS AN OLD
FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S
AND I JUST COULDN'T LEAVE
WITHOUT SEEING
HIM!!

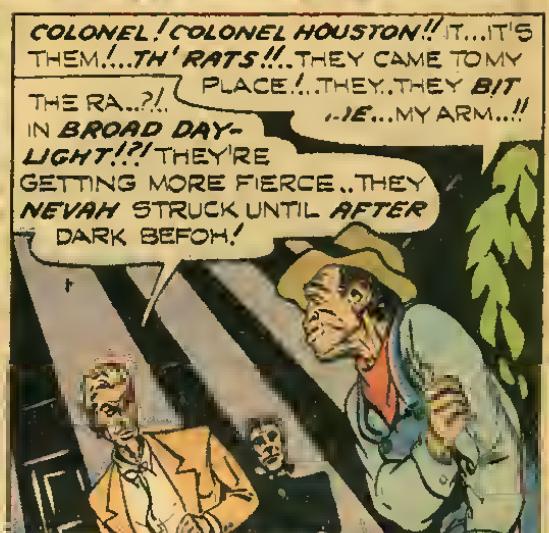
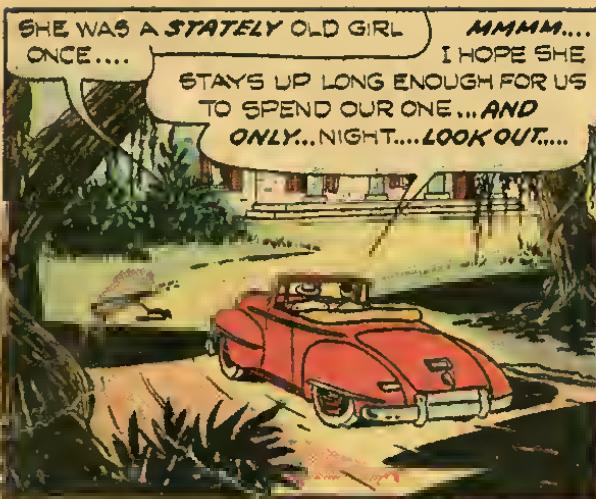
UGH!!
EVERYTHING IS
SO DEAD AND DESO-
LATE.... EVEN THE
VILLAGE IS HALF DE-
SERTED... AND THIS
BANZAI!!

YOU GET USED TO THAT
AROUND HERE... LOOK...
THERE'S THE HOUSTON
MANSION!!
IT LOOKS LIKE
THE WHITE FACE OF
TOOTHLESS OLD HAG...
GRINNING AT US!!

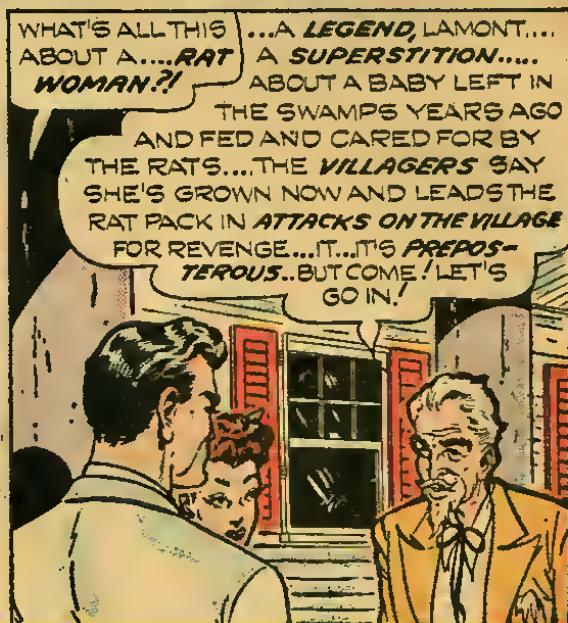
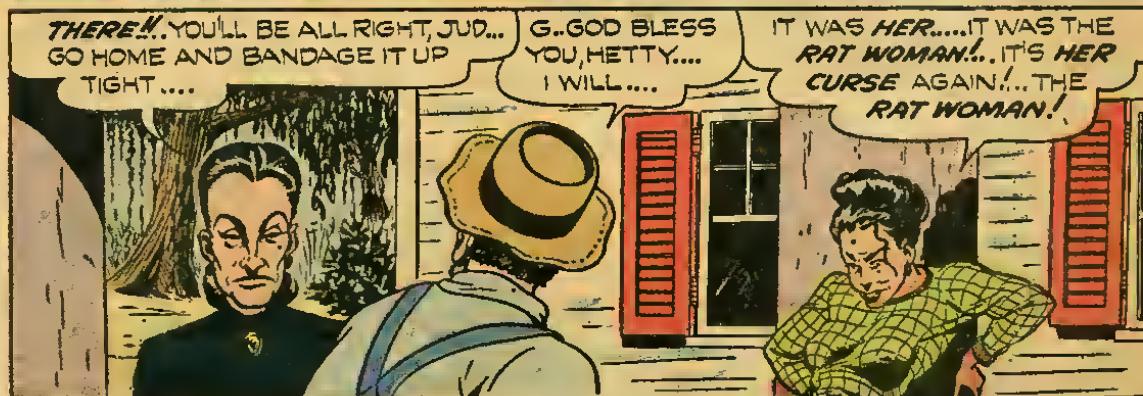
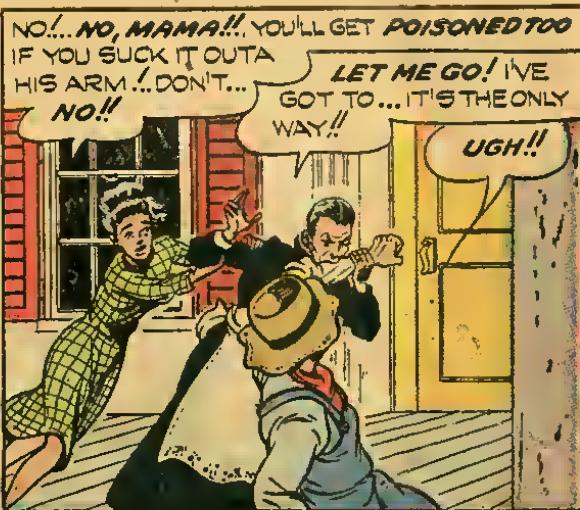


Vol. 8, No. 2, May, 1948. SHADOW COMICS is published monthly by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Allen L. Grammer, President; Gerald H. Smith, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Henry W. Ralston Vice President and Secretary. Copyright, 1948, in U. S. A. and Great Britain by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Reentered as Second-class Matter, August 11, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Single copy 10 cents. \$1.00 for 12-issue subscription in the U. S. A.; in Pan American Union, \$1.25 for 12 issues; elsewhere, \$1.50 for 12 issues. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any material submitted must include return postage. The editorial contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and cannot be reprinted without the publishers' permission. All fictional characters mentioned in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity in name or character to any real person is coincidental.

Printed in the U. S. A.



"BAYOU" THE STORY YOU ARE NOW READING, AND "CURSE of the CAT" (SHADOW, APRIL 1948) ARE TWO PRIZE STORIES ADAPTED FROM SHADOW RADIO PROGRAMS.



DO YOU WANT TO SEE THEM IN ADDITION TO HEARING THEM ON THE RADIO? IF SO, LET US KNOW BY POSTCARD AND WE WILL CONTINUE TO FEATURE THEM.

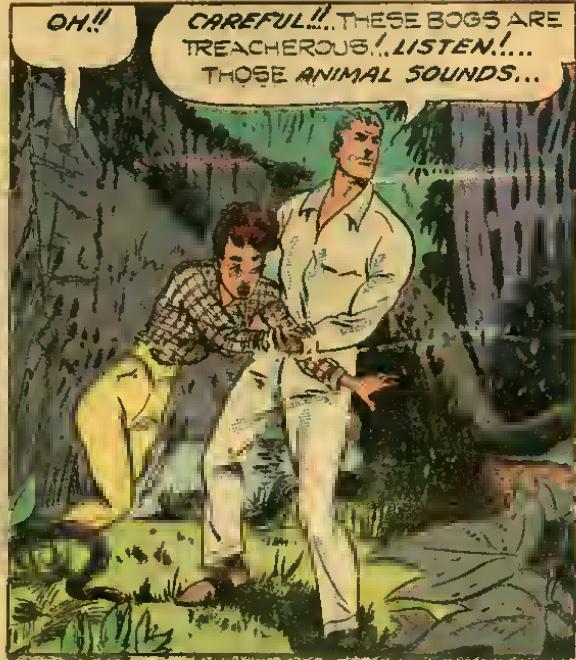
.....THE EDITOR

TWO HOURS LATER... G..GOSH,LAMONT, MY ROOM'S BAD ENOUGH AND NOW YOU DRAG SOMETHING'S SCARED CARLOTTA HALF OUT OF HER WITS...AND I THINK THE ANSWER MAYBE OUT HERE ...

ME OUT INTO THIS SWAMP!..

OH!!

CAREFUL!! THESE BOGS ARE TREACHEROUS..! LISTEN!.... THOSE ANIMAL SOUNDS...



IT'S...IT'S WEIRD LIKE ANOTHER WORLD... PREHISTORIC...

YOU COULD ALMOST BELIEVE IN A... RAT WOMAN OUT HERE. ALONE...IT...EEEK!!...LOOK!

GO!.. GET OUT OF THIS SWAMP!



THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU!.. GO!.. YOU WILL FIND ONLY DEATH AND TERROR IN THIS BAYOU!! NO!.. DON'T TURN ON THE LIGHT..YOU'LL FRIGHTEN THEM...THE RATS...T..THEY'D TEAR YOU TO PIECES!..

WHO...??. HETTY?..

YES..IT'S HETTY!..I SAW YOU COME HERE... I CAME TO WARN YOU ... THE CURSE...THE RAT WOMAN.., IT'S ALL TRUE...GO AND LET THE SECRETS BURIED IN THE MIRE LIE AT REST!..GO! BEFORE YOU ARE DOOMED... GO!



SOME MINUTES LATER IN MARGOT'S ROOM....

YOU... YOU'RE
GOING OUT
AGAIN??

YOU HEARD WHAT HETTY
SAID... SOMETHING... OUT
THERE... SOMEWHERE...
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT...

LAMONT... NO!... LOCK YOUR DOOR... DON'T
LEAVE THIS ROOM... HERE....
I'LL LEAVE THIS REVOLVER....
REMEMBER! STAY IN THIS
ROOM!... I'LL BE BACK
BEFORE MORNING!



WHY DOES HE LEAVE ME... I... I'M SCARED...
THE LOCK'S BROKEN... PUT THIS CHAIR
UNDER THE KNOB... I.... UH?! WHAT?!
THAT SCRATCHING.... OUTSIDE THE
DOOR....

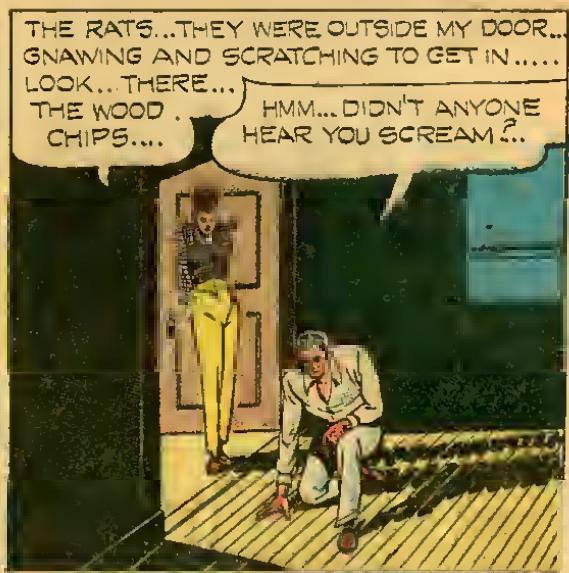
I... IT'S... THEM... THE RATS!... THEY'RE
COMING AFTER ME!... NO!!... THEY'RE
GNAWING THROUGH THE DOOR!... NO!
NO!... EEEEOOW!! HELP!!
HELP!!



SCREECCCCHH!

MARGOT!!.. IT'S,
ME!... LAMONT!





FIVE MINUTES LATER... LAMONT... DID... YOU SEE THE COLONEL?
YES... AND HE TOLD ME SOME INTERESTING THINGS... BUT WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT HERE... WITH THE GUN?...



I HEARD.... THEM... AFTER YOU LEFT THEY CAME BACK... LISTEN!.. THEY'RE COMING BACK FOR ME... OH!... THE CANDLE!... THE WIND BLEW IT OUT!.. THAT NOISE... IT'S NOT HERE... IT'S OUTSIDE!...



LOOK!... DOWN THERE!! HUNDREDS OF THEM!.. GIVE ME THAT GUN!!
LAMONT!.. NO!! DON'T SHOOT!



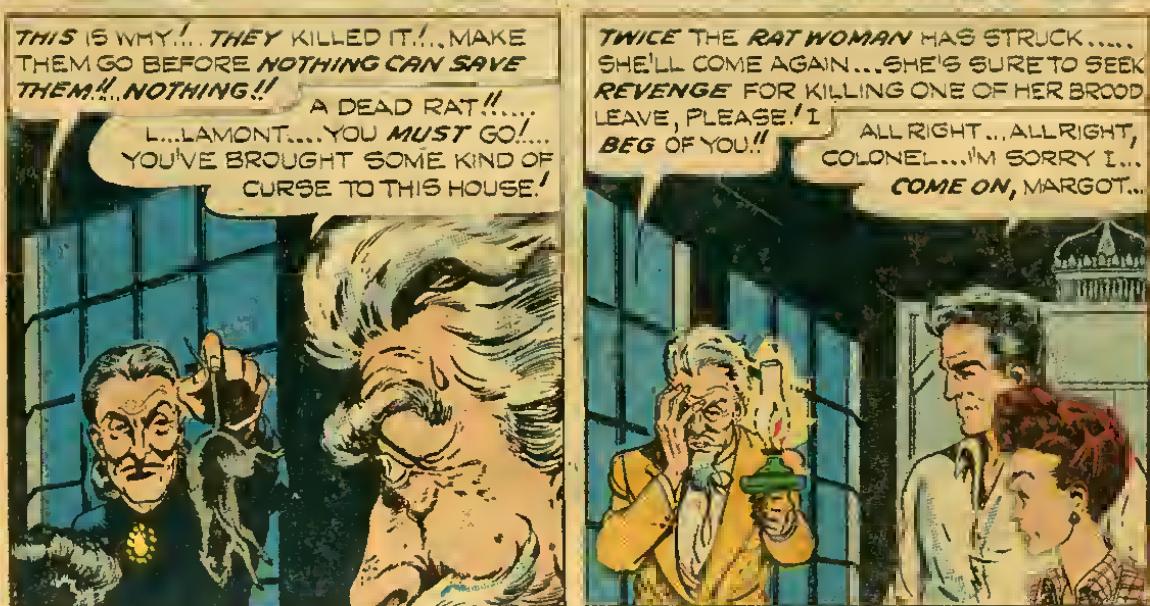
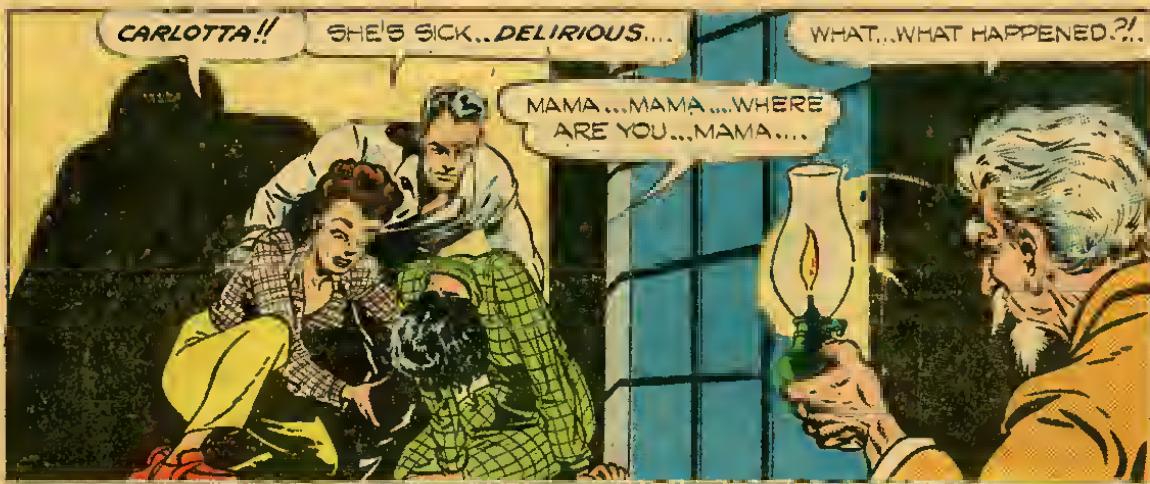
THEY'LL COME BACK... THEY'LL COME BACK
NONSENSE!.. THERE!.. LOOK AND... LAMONT!
AT THEM RUN!.. AND.... WHA..??
THE NOISE AGAIN.... OUT IN THE HALL!



THERE! ON THE FLOOR... I'LL FIX IT!!!

LAMONT!!! DON'T!! IT'S NOT A RAT... IT... IT'S.....





HALF AN HOUR LATER... THERE! WE'RE FAR ENOUGH IN THE SWAMP TO HIDE THE CAR... I WANT THEM TO THINK WE'VE REALLY GONE...

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

LAMONT! THERE'S THAT SOUND!!

IT'S THE SWAMP RATS SWIMMING... SEE THEIR HEADS ABOVE THE WATER?!



STAND HERE... THEY'RE COMING OUT... THERE
...AS BIG AS CATS...
THOSE TEETH... LIKE
FANGS....

MUST BE HUNDREDS
OF THEM!!!



NO... LOOK!! SOMETHING... SOMEONE...
MOVING TOWARDS
THEM....

MAKING SOUNDS LIKE
ONE OF THEM!! LAMONT! IT'S
A WOMAN!! THE RAT WOMAN!!

AH, MY LITTLE FRIENDS... YOU KNOW MY VOICE
BUT NOT THE WORDS... BUT I CAN TELL YOU
ANYWAY... THEY'VE GONE... GONE!!!!
LEAVING ME FREE TO LEAD YOU ON TO
THE VILLAGE TO KILL AND
DESTROY!!





I AM THE VOICE OF THE BAYOU.... I KNOW THE CHILDREN WHO ARE MINE AND YOU ARE NOT AMONG THEM!!! SEND THEM BACK TO MY SWAMP WATER OR I SHALL DISCLOSE YOUR SECRET....



THE SECRET THAT YOU ARE NOT THE RAT WOMAN... THAT YOU WERE BORN OF MAN... RAISED BY WOMAN... SEND THEM BACK OR THEY WILL LEARN YOUR DECEPTION AND TURN ON YOU... LOOK!! EVEN NOW THEY ARE STARING AT YOU... STARING....



SEE! THEY RETURN TO THE EMBRACE OF THE SOFT ARMS OF MY BANKS!! YOU ARE DEFEATED, RAT WOMAN!!

NOT ME!!... YOU'LL NEVER CLAIM ME !!



COME BACK!!!! THE BOG!!!! LOOK OUT!!.. THAT ROTTEN TREE....



HETTY!!.. HETTY!!.. UHHH... !!





NICK CARTER

MATCHLESS DEATH....



DAILY NEWS

NICK CARTER READY TO
PUT DAN IN CHAIR

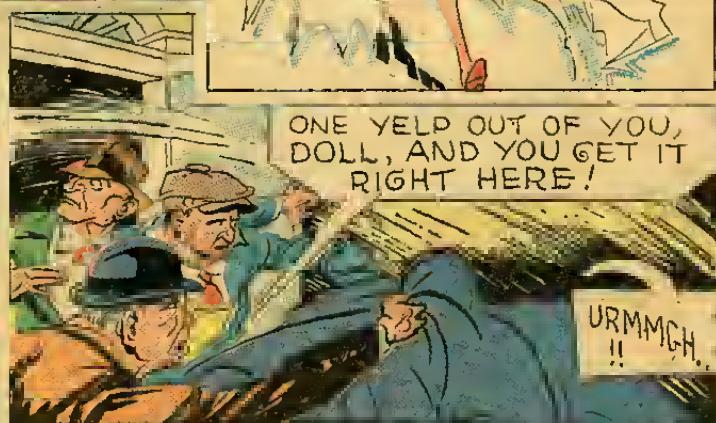
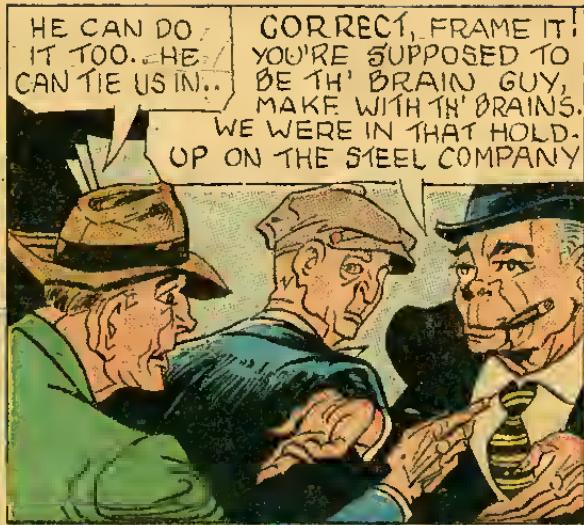
NICK'S
ASSISTANT
TO TESTIFY
TODAY

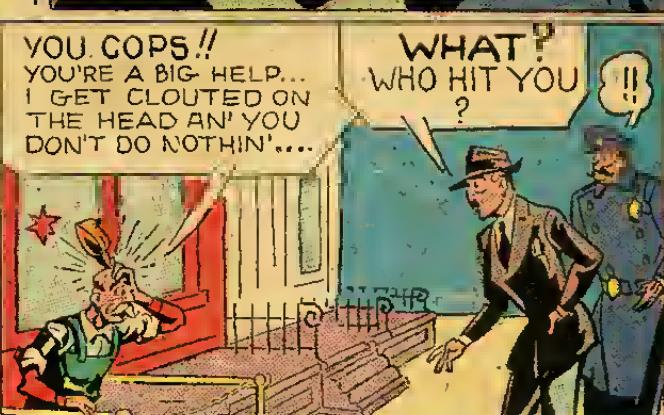
PATSY SAYS

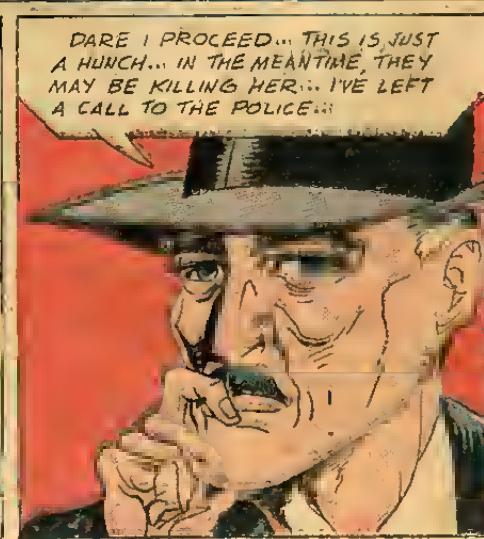
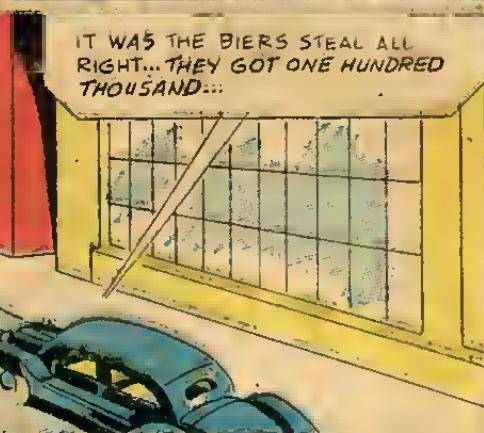
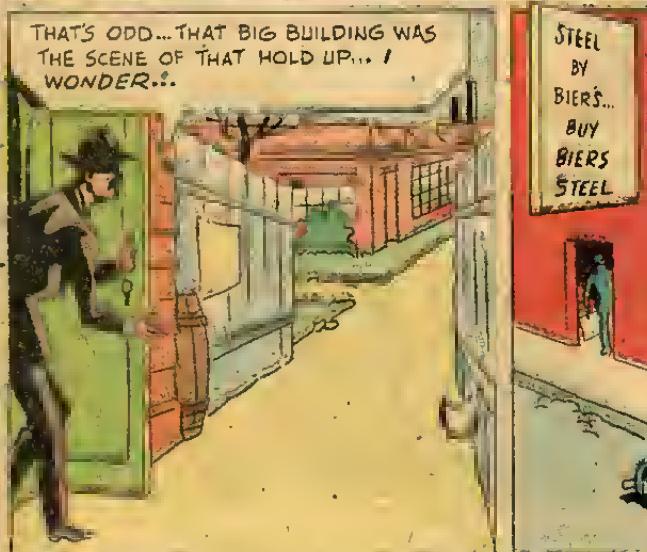
PUBLIC
DAN RORY ACCUS
BY EYEWITNE
PATSY NIMI SAYS HE IS

THIS IS ONE OF THE FEW
NICK CARTER STORIES
THAT BEGINS AFTER
THE KILLER HAS BEEN
ARRESTED AND IS ON
TRIAL. THERE WAS NO
DOUBT THAT DAN RORY
WAS GUILTY...

PATSY WAS AN
EYE WITNESS TO THE
MURDER... BUT DAN
HAD SOME FRIENDS...
IT WAS LUCKY NICK
HAD TWO MATCHES....







NICK'S HUNCH IS CORRECT... BUT NICK CAN'T KNOW THAT RIGHT AT THIS SECOND...

CAN'T KILLJOY AND I DO SOMETHIN', FRAME IT?

KITE, YOU CAN DO MORE GOOD STAYIN' OUTA MY WAY.. THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT SO WE HAVE AN ALIBI

THEY'RE GOIN' TO SUSPECT NO MATTER WHAT WE DO. WE GOTTA BE IN COURT WHEN THIS CHICK CROAKS...



WATCH! IF ANYBODY TRIES TO GO NEAR HER, HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS!

PULL HER OUTA THE HAMMER FOR A SECOND. I WANNA SEE IF THIS WORKS

YARE, IT BETTER.. OR WE FRY!



ANYONE WALKS IN HERE, CUTS THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC PATH WAY AND...



SEEMS AN AWFUL WASTE
TO FLATTEN OUT A CUTE
DOLL LIKE THIS

WOULD'JA RATHER GET BURNED?
SHE SAW RORY CROAK THE
WATCHMAN!



NICK, WORRIED SICK, APPROACHES...

IF THIS HUNCH
IS WRONG

BEAT IT..WE GOTTA
GET ARRESTED NOW..
THATLL ALIBI'US!

ANYBODY WHO TRIES
TO SAVE HER NOW,
WILL KILL HER.
GOOD!



KNOCK HIM
DOWN.. WE
GOTTA GET
OUT....

I'LL
TAKE
HIM

HURRY UP.
NOW...WE'RE
WASTING
TIME. HE'S
KNOCKED
OUT...

YARE.. IM
GETTIN'
NERVOUS...
C'MOH...

MINUTES PASS...

WHOOSH! SO MY HUNCH WAS
RIGHT.. WHAT WERE KITE, KILL-
JOY AND FRAME IT DOING IN A
DISUSED PART OF A STEEL PLANT?
PATSY WASN'T WITH THEM...IF
THEY'VE KILLED HER...

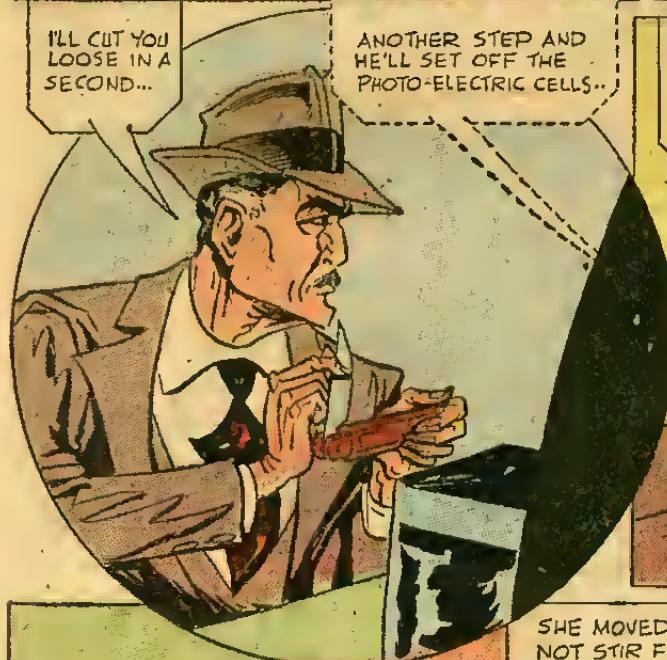
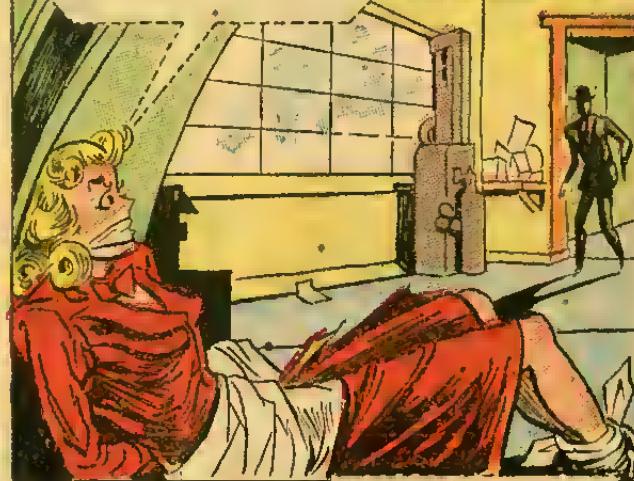


THROUGH HER HORROR, PATSY HEARS A SOUND...

IT'S NICK.. THEY'VE FRAMED IT SO THAT NICK WILL KILL ME! IF I COULD ONLY WARN HIM...

NICK COMES CLOSER... CLOSER...

PATSY... YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, THANK HEAVEN... I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS IN A JIFFY!



SHE MOVED... IT IS A TRAP... I'D BETTER NOT STIR FROM THIS SPOT.. 'FRAME IT' IS INGENIOUS.. WHAT COULD HE HAVE RIGGED? SOMETHING TO SET OFF THE HAMMER...



PHOTO-ELECTRIC EYES..
IF I'D STEPPED ANOTHER
INCH, I'D HAVE SET THEM
OFF... MATCHES... DO I
HAVE TWO PACKS OF
MATCHES?

WHAT'S
HE
DOING?

WHAT GOOD
IS A LIT
MATCH?



ONE MORE INCH AND WE'RE
SAFE... OH OH... THERE GOES
THE MATCH!

PATSY, THIS WILL HAVE TO
BE FAST.. IF A BREEZE
BLOWS EITHER OF THESE
OUT, WE'RE BOTH DEAD!
HERE GOES!

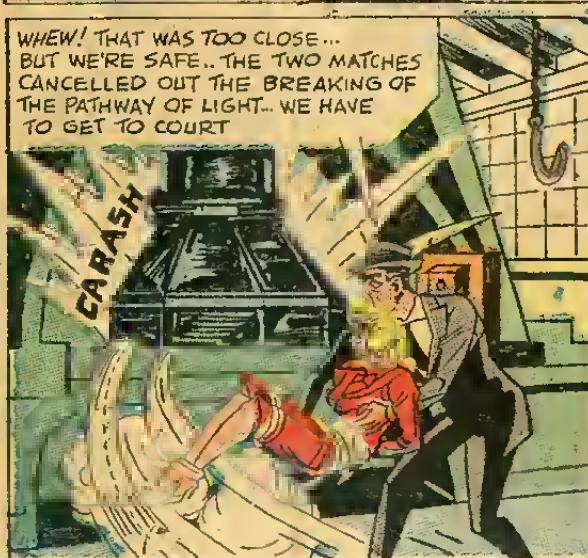


WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE...
BUT WE'RE SAFE.. THE TWO MATCHES
CANCELLED OUT THE BREAKING OF
THE PATHWAY OF LIGHT.. WE HAVE
TO GET TO COURT

IN COURT...

IF THE STATE'S
WITNESS DOESN'T
SHOW UP.. AH,
HERE SHE IS!

THE TWO MATCHES
TOOK THE PLACE
OF THE BEAM
OF LIGHT THAT
WAS THERE,
THAT'S ALL.. GO
AHEAD AND
TESTIFY WHILE
I PICK UP THOSE
THREE HOODS!



DOC SAVAGE

The Devil to Pay!!

OUT OF THE PAGES OF OLD BOOKS AND OLDER BELIEFS CAME A FIGURE TO STUN THE MIND AND LAY WASTE TO THE RULES OF LAW AND ORDER. SATAN ON A RAMPAGE! THAT'S WHAT DOC SAVAGE WAS UP AGAINST!





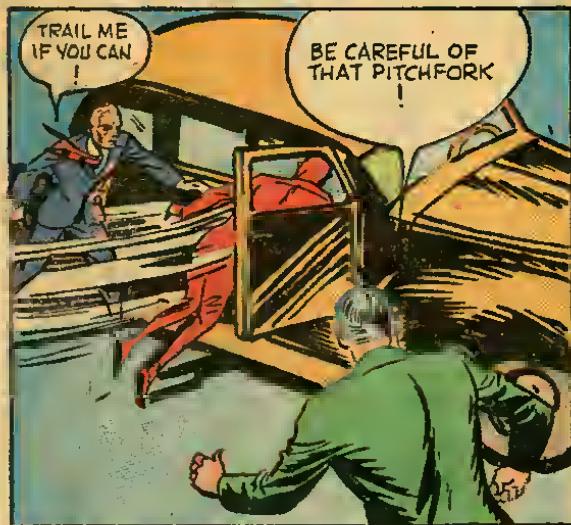
YOU CAN TELL ALL THE OTHERS WHO WERE MOLESTED BY THIS MACABRE FIGURE THAT I WILL DEVOTE ALL MY ENERGY TO THE CASE!

OH... I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!

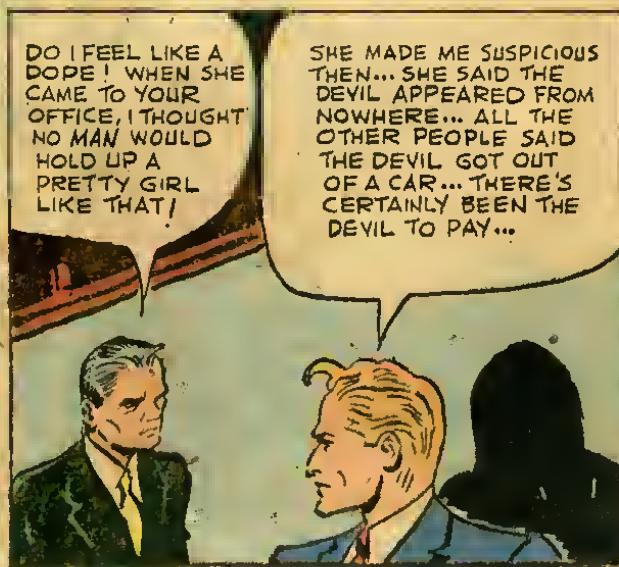
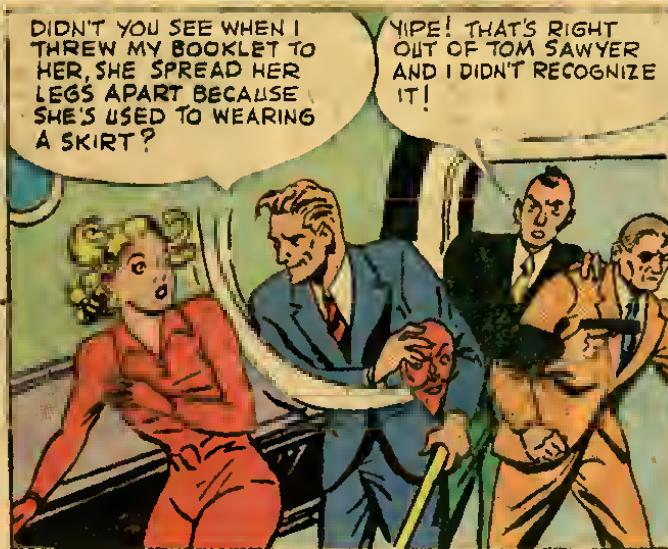
WHAT WE GONNA DO, DOC?

I DON'T KNOW. WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE DEVIL STRIKES AGAIN!









The Shadow

Three False Crimes

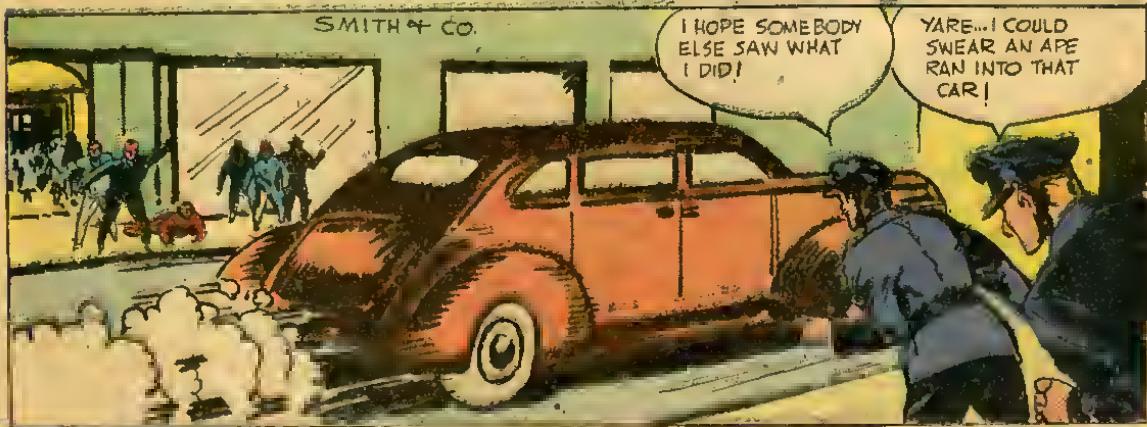


CRAFTY, CRIMINAL, CURIOUS,
WAS THE PLOT...
KNOWING THAT THEY COULD
NOT COMMIT THE CRIME THEY
WERE DEDICATED TO, THEY
SET UP CRIMES TO OCCUPY
THE MAN WHO WAS KNOWN
AS THE SHADOW...

CAN EVEN THE SHADOW
SEE THROUGH THIS
MYSTERIOUS MAZE

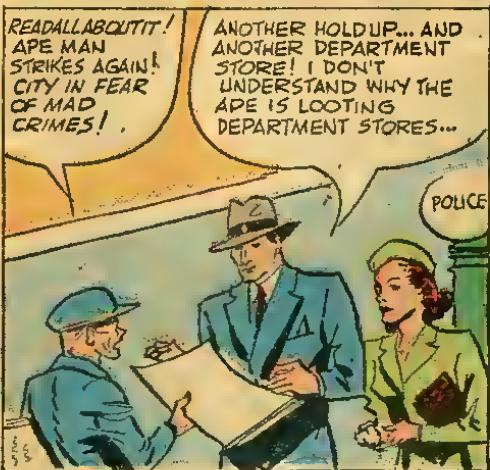
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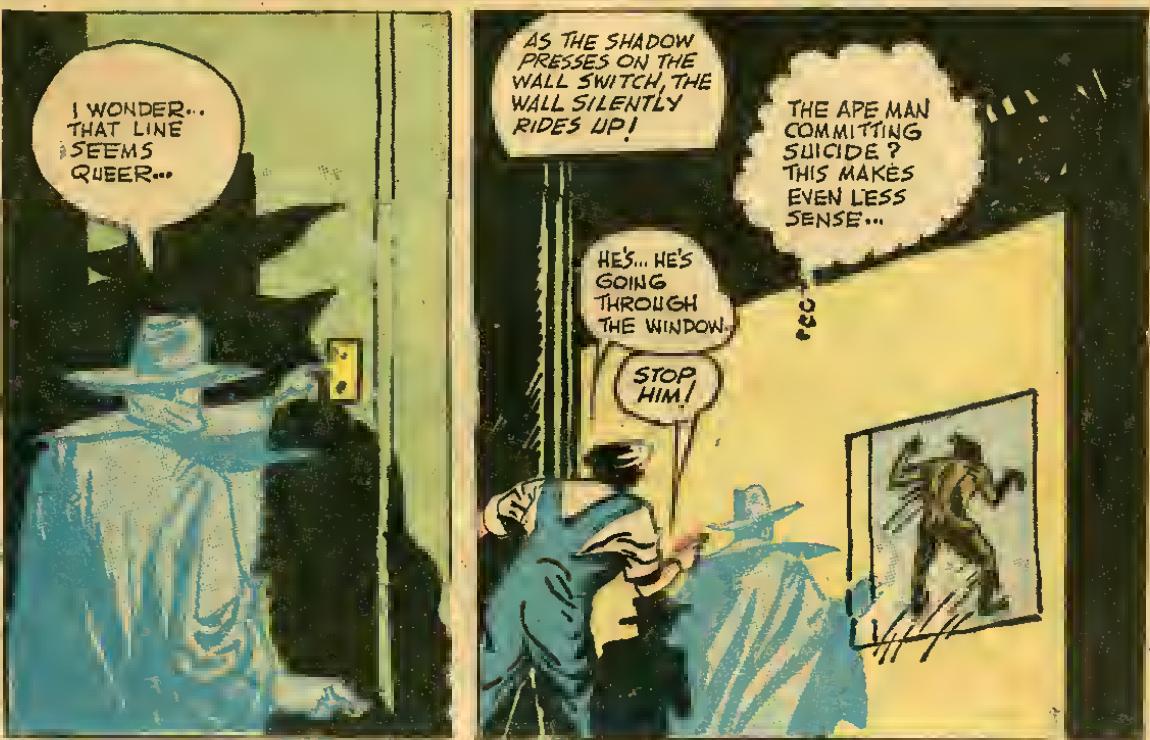
TUNE IN

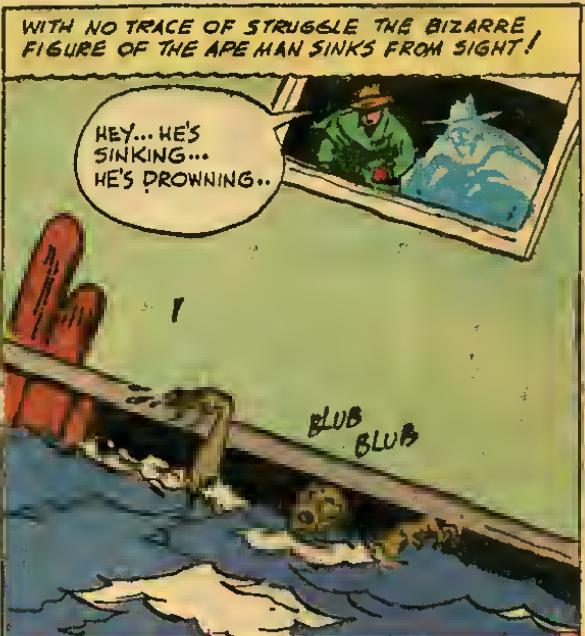
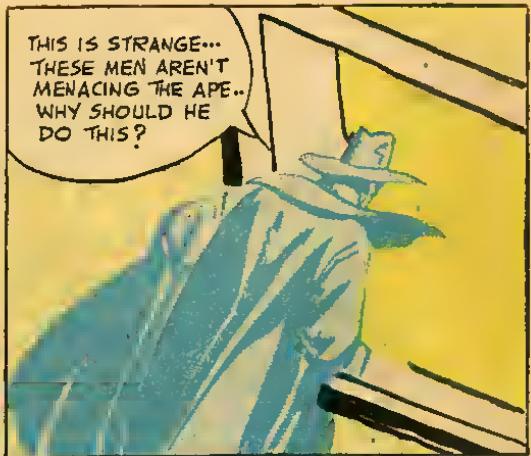
EACH WEEK TO THE
OF THE
SHADOW



THRILLING ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS
FOR TIME AND STATION

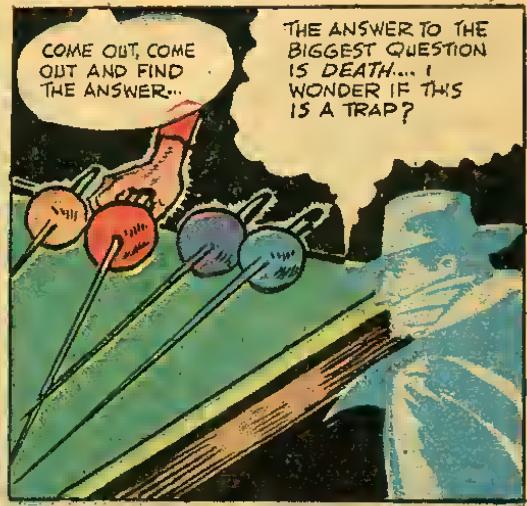


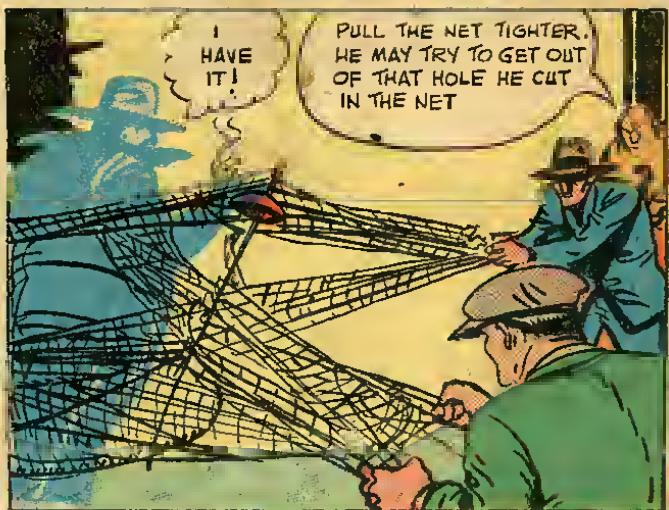


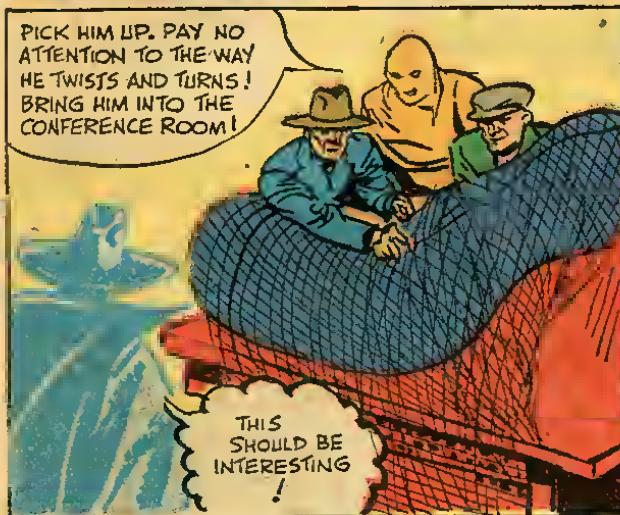


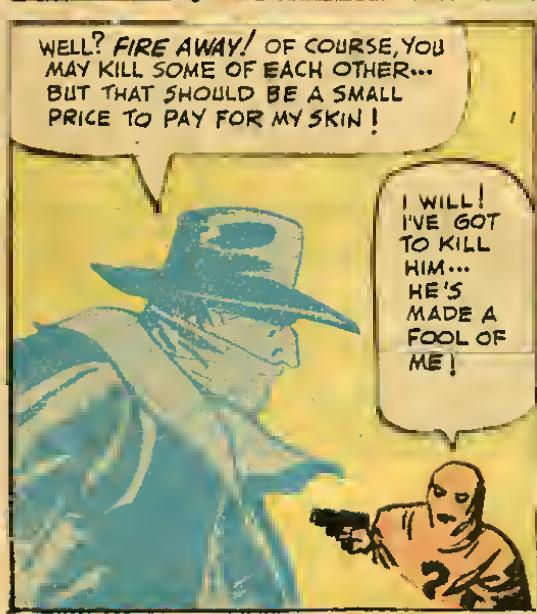
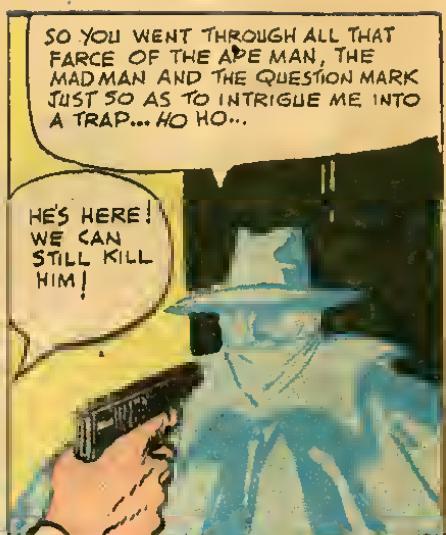












THE SHADOW LEAVES THE SHOT FILLED ROOM, BUT LAMONT CRANSTON RETURNS WITH THE POLICE!

WOW! SOMEBODY WAS SURE MAD AT SOMEBODY!

HEARD THE SOUND OF SHOTS SO I THOUGHT WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE!

BANG!
BAROOM!
BING!

TROUBLE OF SOME KIND?

THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN SOME CROOKS

LAMONT!
I THOUGHT I SAW YOU!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO... SO THAT'S THE QUESTION MARK!

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE FACT THAT HE WAS ALSO THE MADMAN AND THE APE MAN!

THE HUMAN FLY! LONG TIME NO SEE.. WHEN'D YOU GET OUT OF THE PEN?

A MONTH AGO... IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THAT SHADOW!

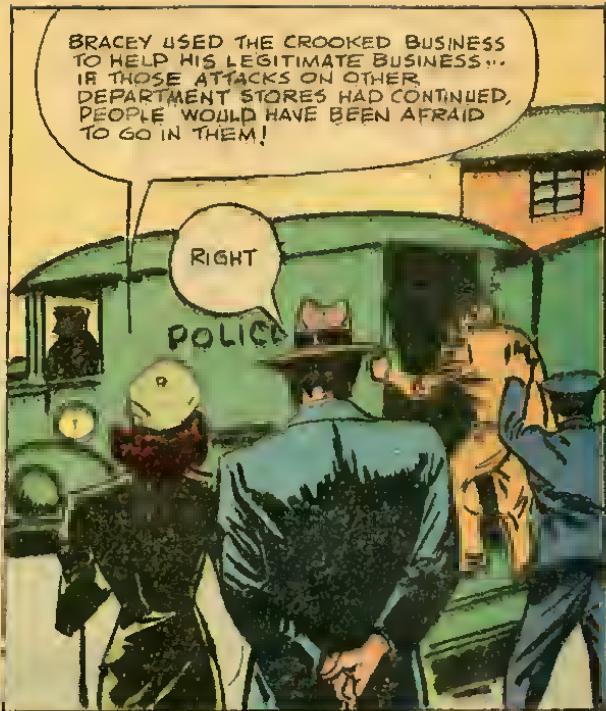
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA GET YOUR HANDS ON ANYBODY... YOU'RE SET FOR THE HOT SQUAT!

OH... LOOK... THAT'S MR. BRACEY! HE OWNS THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORE ON LANDS STREET!

THAT EXPLAINS SOMETHING THAT PUZZLED ME. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, WHEN THE HUMAN FLY WAS THE MADMAN AND THE OTHER DISGUISES, HE ALWAYS ATTACKED DEPARTMENT STORES!

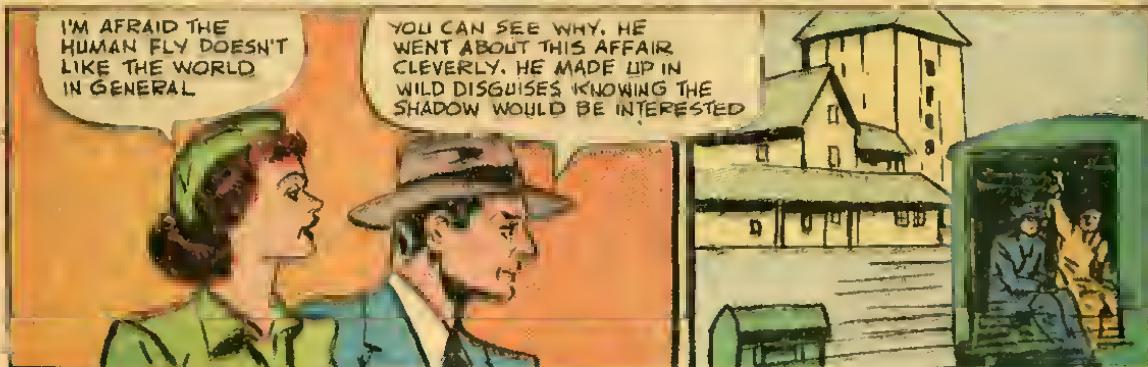
AND HE NEVER WENT NEAR BRACEY'S

BRACEY USED THE CROOKED BUSINESS TO HELP HIS LEGITIMATE BUSINESS... IF THOSE ATTACKS ON OTHER DEPARTMENT STORES HAD CONTINUED, PEOPLE WOULD HAVE BEEN AFRAID TO GO IN THEM!



I'M AFRAID THE HUMAN FLY DOESN'T LIKE THE WORLD IN GENERAL

YOU CAN SEE WHY, HE WENT ABOUT THIS AFFAIR CLEVERLY. HE MADE UP IN WILD DISGUISES KNOWING THE SHADOW WOULD BE INTERESTED



HE HAD TO USE DISGUISES BECAUSE HE WAS TOO WELL KNOWN A CROOK... ANY COP WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED HIM!

THEN, HE FADED SUICIDES, SO THAT THE SHADOW WOULD THINK THERE WAS A WHOLE WAVE OF WILD CRIMES BEING COMMITTED!

HE ALMOST FOOLDED THE SHADOW, TOO, WHEN HE THREW THE APE MAN DISGUISE INTO THE WATER.. AND PRETENDED TO LEAP OFF THAT BRIDGE AS THE MADMAN!

BUT THE SHADOW CAME THROUGH... AS HE ALWAYS DOES... PROVING ONCE AGAIN THAT THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS A BITTER FRUIT...



Shadow Comics

Harold Schwartz—Editor

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

C. Hunter Diringer—Art Editor

TOAST TO DEATH . . .

Nick was still chuckling about the answers to the puzzle of the blue monocle that some of the members had put forward when Chick looked at his watch. "Hold everything, dad," he said to his famous foster father, "remember we have to be in court today about that poison case."

"If I snap it up maybe I can present our members with another 'three clues' case. Remember," Nick said to the members of the Inner Circle. "The first clue means that the police can arrest the suspect. The second clue gives the D.A. enough evidence to present a case to the jury . . . but the third clue means that the jury is sure to bring in a verdict of guilty.

"The case seemed very simple on the surface," Nick said. "Two men were in a room alone. They had a drink in which they made a toast to the success of a business venture. Within twenty minutes one of the men was in the hospital and the other was dead!"

"The two men were named Thomas Archer, who was the host and Benjamin Court who was the guest. It was the guest who died," Nick said. "Let me sketch in the scene. It was the palatial home of Thomas Archer . . . the two men were seated in Archer's study. To one side of the room was a sort of cellar where the liquor was kept.

"The cellar had a lock on it. A combination lock.

"Archer was a man in his fifties who fitted perfectly in the room. His guest and business partner, Court, was as thin as his host was fat, as white faced as his host was red.

"But to get back. The butler came into the room when Archer was saying, 'Benjamin, nothing but Napoleon brandy is good enough to toast our little business venture in!'"

The butler said that he was chased out of the

room while Archer unlocked the combination lock on the cellar and poured out a decanter full of the brandy from the musty cobwebbed bottle. When the butler came back into the room Archer asked him to decant two glasses from the decanter.

"He did so. The two men lifted their glasses to each other and made a toast. It was something about, 'May you live a thousand years and I live forever.'

"After a toast like that," Nick said grimly, "it was a little odd that in a half an hour one man was dead and the other in the hospital. When Chick and I got there the police lab men had been at work. Both glasses had been loaded with arsenic! The police examined the decanter. It was loaded with the poison."

"Don't forget," Chick butted in, "to tell them about where you found the arsenic!"

"That was strange," Nick said. "The bottle of arsenic was in the cellar in with the valuable bottles of vintage liquor. It looked peculiar, the skull and crossbones on the label, at variance with the labels on all the other bottles."

"The poison was in . . ." Beef called, "but that means Archer, the host, must have been the killer!"

"Certainly looked that way," Nick agreed. "But for one thing. The butler said that earlier that day he had stolen some of the brandy and he hadn't felt any bad effects. It seemed to shape up this way. We thought that Archer, when he opened the cellar took the poison and added it to the brandy and then put the poison away. But . . . why would he poison himself?"

"To say nothing," Chick interjected, "of the time element!"

"That was a big factor," Nick went on.

"The butler said that he was only out of the room about half a minute. I took the trouble of going through the actions that Archer would have had to go through. I opened the combination lock, opened the cellar, got out the poison bottle, holding it so that no one in the room could see it, dropped some poison in the decanter and came out with the decanter and filled it from the Napoleon brandy bottle.

"Know how long it took me?" Nick asked the members.

"How long?" Beef called out. "A half a minute?"

"Two solid minutes! And the butler swore he hadn't been out of the room more than thirty seconds! Two puzzles. The time element and if Archer was the poisoner, why did he poison himself?"

Beef got to his feet. "You're not tricking me on one that's that easy. Archer isn't the killer! The butler is! He was lying about his boss filling the decanter and the length of time it took. Really the butler loaded the decanter after he poisoned it!" Beef sat down looking pleased with himself.

Nick and Chick exchanged glances. "The same trap we fell into!" Chick said.

"That's very logical Beef, except it's wrong. We thought the butler had to be the killer too. . ." Nick said.

"So'd the police," Chick said. "Until you cut off one of the killer's finger nails and some of the ends of his hair!"

That did it. Beef sat down looking completely deflated. Finger nails and some hair . . . what could that mean?

Nick picked up the thread of his murder tale. "No, the killer got over subtle which is always a danger. You see, the butler had proof that he was only out of the room for a half a minute at the most. One of the maids was with him while he was in the hall waiting for Archer to call him back to pour.

"Now," Nick held up his fingers, and then bent one down. "First, the toast was a deadly double talk threat. Archer, for business reasons, wanted Court dead. They were partners in this deal and with Court dead, Archer got all the profit.

"When the butler sampled the brandy earlier

it was all right. There was not time for Archer to poison the brandy while Court was in the room. Therefore he poisoned it just before Court got there. Only he could have poisoned it for he was home after the butler sampled it. With him home no one else would dare go to the cellar.

"When I explained the time sequence and the business background to the police they were quite happy. They had the motive, the business, that was the first clue. I had the clue of the toast, although that isn't strong enough for court, then there was the second clue, the time element, which made the case strong enough for the D.A. to take the killer to court."

"That leaves the third clue," Chick grinned.

"Yes," Nick said, "if you can figure out why Archer poisoned himself you'll have the whole case that is going to be tried today."

Beef said, "But why did you cut off Archer's finger nails and some of his hair?"

Nick and Chick stopped in the doorway and they both smiled. "If we told you that, you'd know why Archer took poison himself!" Nick said as they left.

(Do you know why? If you don't, don't fail to read next month's issue of Shadow Comics. The Inner Circle will tell you why Nick collected Archer's finger nails and hair!) DID YOU KNOW?

In last month's Inner Circle story, The Third Clue, Nick Carter held out on the significance of the last and most important clue. Did you solve it? You remember there were little pieces of blue glass found near a dead man. When the pieces of blue glass were reconstructed it was found that they made a circle like a monocle. Nick told you at the time two clues that lead to the arrest of the murderer, a photographer.

The third clue, the blue monocle, was what convinced a jury that the photographer was guilty. Did you know cameramen use blue glass viewers to look at a scene? The blue glass turns colors into a monochrome of grey, black and white. By using such a monocle a photographer can look at a landscape and see the way it will look in the black and white of the finished picture.

BING DALGREEN

"BREAKS" THE BALL PARK MYSTERY

ANOTHER THRILLING NEWSPAPER ADVENTURE OF THE FAMOUS STAR REPORTER OF THE TIMES-NEWS— STORY & PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



BING DALGREEN HAD SUBSTITUTED THAT AFTERNOON FOR HIS FRIEND, THE NOTED SPORTS WRITER, JIMMY HALEDON, AT THE GAME IN MONARCH PARK—

AS HE WAS LEAVING THE BALL PARK DALGREEN WAS MOTIONED ASIDE BY ONE OF THE GROUND-KEEPERS WHO WHISPERED TO HIM—



DALGREEN LAUGHED AT JOEY'S (THE GROUND-KEEPER) STATEMENT BUT HE AGREED TO JOIN JOEY THAT NIGHT—

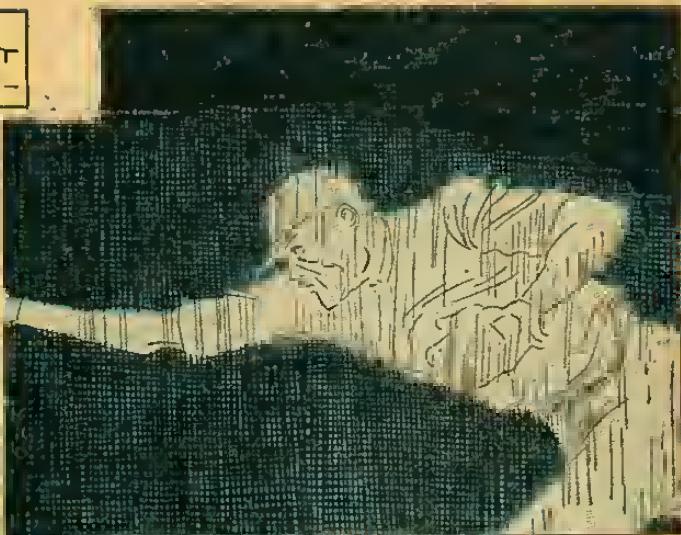


TOGETHER THE TWO OF THEM SAT IN REAR SEATS IN THE GRANDSTAND— IT WAS NEARING MIDNIGHT—



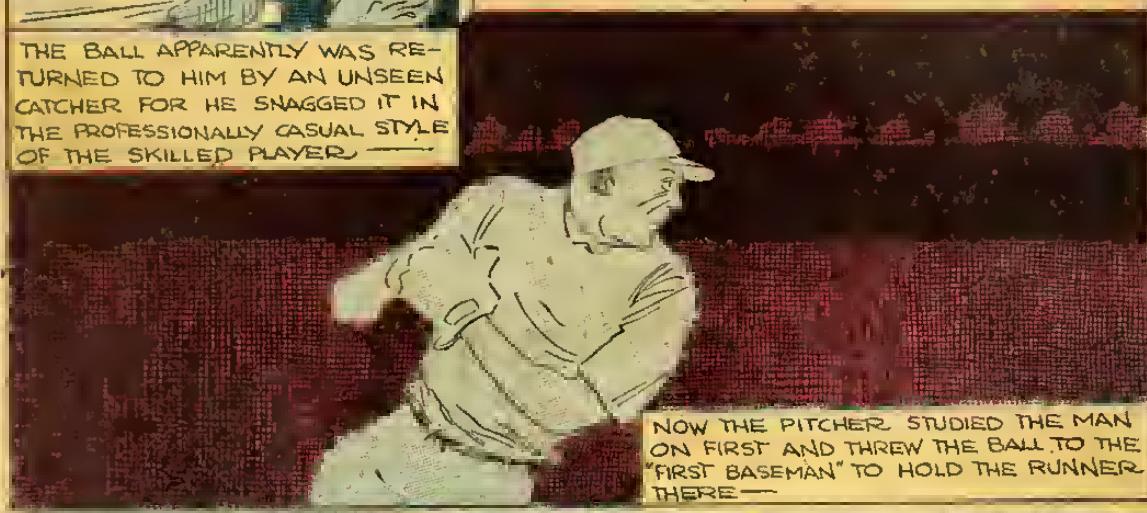
IN THE DISTANCE A BELL STRUCK 12— BELOW A MISTY FIGURE IN A BASEBALL UNIFORM MOVED TOWARDS THE PITCHER'S MOUND— THE FAMOUS REPORTER QUESTIONED HIS OWN EYES—

SLOWLY THE FIGURE RAISED ITS ARMS, BROUGHT THEM TO THE CHEST AND THREW TOWARDS THE PLATE—



THE FIGURE TOSSSED THE BALL AGAIN—THIS TIME THE 'BATTER' OBVIOUSLY SINGLED TO RIGHT—

THE BALL APPARENTLY WAS RETURNED TO HIM BY AN UNSEEN CATCHER FOR HE SNAGGED IT IN THE PROFESSIONALLY CASUAL STYLE OF THE SKILLED PLAYER—



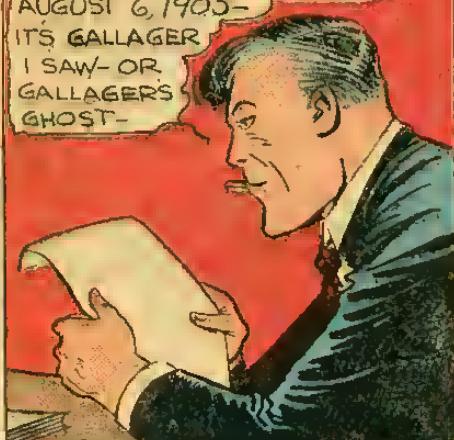
NOW THE PITCHER STUDIED THE MAN ON FIRST AND THREW THE BALL TO THE "FIRST BASEMAN" TO HOLD THE RUNNER THERE—

NEXT DAY DALGREN CONFERRED WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR—THE BOSS LAUGHED AT HIS STAR REPORTER—

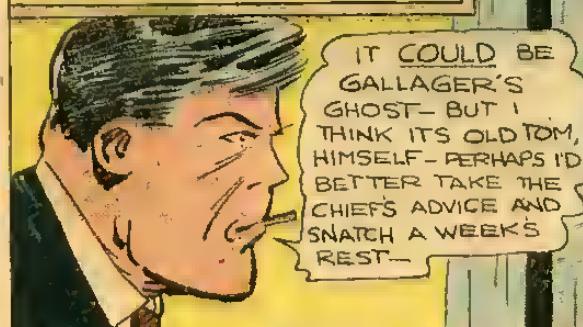
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER DALGREN AGAIN SAT IN THE STAND—AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT THE UNIFORMED FIGURE ENTERED THE PITCHER'S BOX—THIS TIME DALGREN GAZED THROUGH HIS FIELD GLASSES AT THE "GHOST"—



IT'S TOMMY GALLAGER—
TOMMY GALLAGER, THE
GREAT OLD FIRE-BALL
PITCHER — THIS DATE IS
AUGUST 6, 1905—
IT'S GALLAGER
I SAW— OR
GALLAGER'S
GHOST—



THE FOLLOWING DAY BING
DALGREN EXPLORED ALL THE
SPORT FILES IN THE NEWSPAPER
'MORGUE' — SOON HE EXTRACTED
SOME OLD CLIPPINGS AND
PHOTOS —



AT HOME DALGREN HELD A CONFERENCE
WITH HIMSELF —

I WONDER WHAT EVER
BECAME OF
TOMMY GALLAGER,
BOYS—

OH, HE'S
BEEN
DEAD MANY
YEARS, BING.

TOMMY
DISAPPEARED
SHORTLY AFTER
HIS RELEASE
FROM THE
MONARCHS—



WITHOUT TIPPING HIS HAND, BING TALKED
WITH SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE SPORT
STAFF —



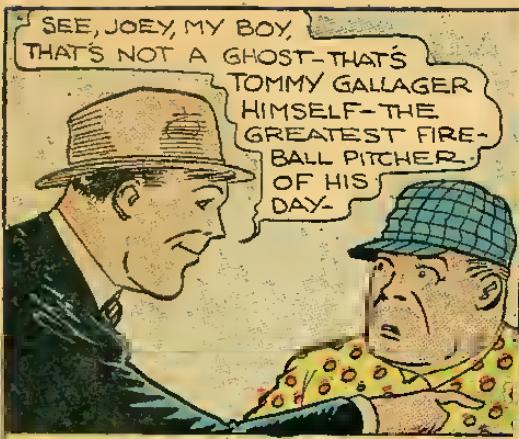
THE NEXT NIGHT AT 11:30 DALGREN
DECIDED TO PATROL THE BALL PARK
ALONE — WHAT HE SAW ASTONISHED
HIM —



BING WATCHED HIM GO TO A DOG-
OUT AND CHANGE INTO A BASEBALL UNIFORM —



ONCE AGAIN THE OCTOPUS STRUCK
ED THE PITCHING MOUND —



THEN DALGREN SAW JOEY--



BUT JOEY WAS NOT CONVINCED--

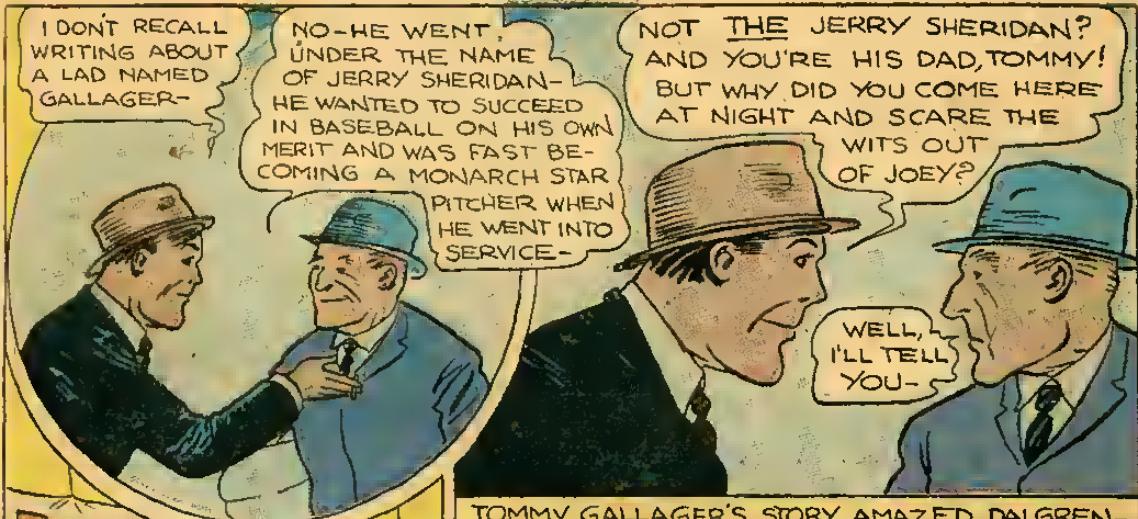


THE CLOCK STRUCK 12 AGAIN--TOMMY GALLAGER PITCHED BEFORE AN INVISIBLE CROWD--WITH AN UNSEEN BASEBALL--



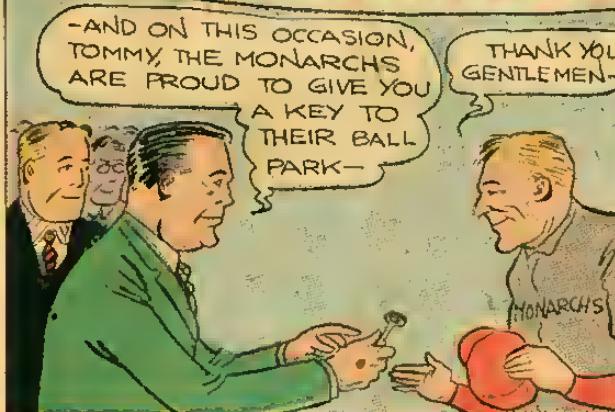
BING DALGREN DISMISSED JOEY AND WAITED AT THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH GALLAGER HAD ENTERED--AS GALLAGER LEFT HE WAS CONFRONTED BY DALGREN--



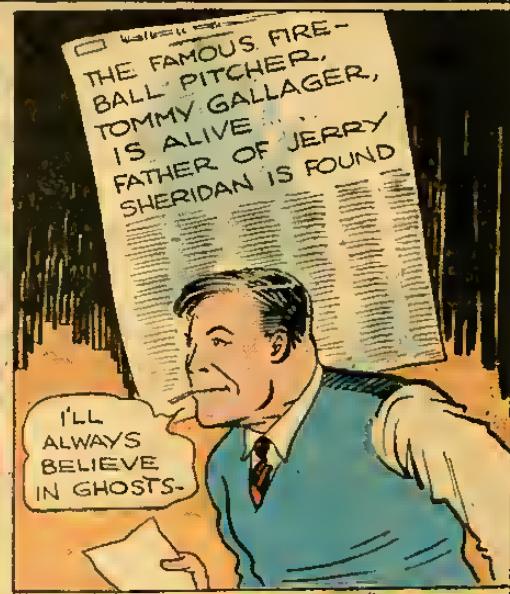


TOMMY GALLAGER'S STORY AMAZED DALGREN—

TOMMY GALLAGER DAY



TOMMY CONTINUED: "WELL, THE OWNERS OF THE MONARCHS ONCE PRESENTED ME A KEY TO THE BALL PARK FOR WHAT I DID—I'D COME IN AT NIGHT AND SEE MYSELF IN THE NINTH INNING WITH THE SCORE 1 TO 1 AND TWO OF THE ENEMY OUT, THREE ON BASE AND, THREE BALLS AND TWO STRIKES ON THE BATTER—JUST LIKE JERRY, MY SON, DID—I COULD SEE THE PRESS BOX AND THE CROWD AND WELL—WELL, I GUESS I JUST WANTED TO BE A HERO AGAIN LIKE JERRY—"



BING DALGREN "SCOOPED" HIS OWN SPORT STAFF BY WRITING THE STORY OF TOMMY GALLAGER—it HIT THE NATION WITH A BANG—



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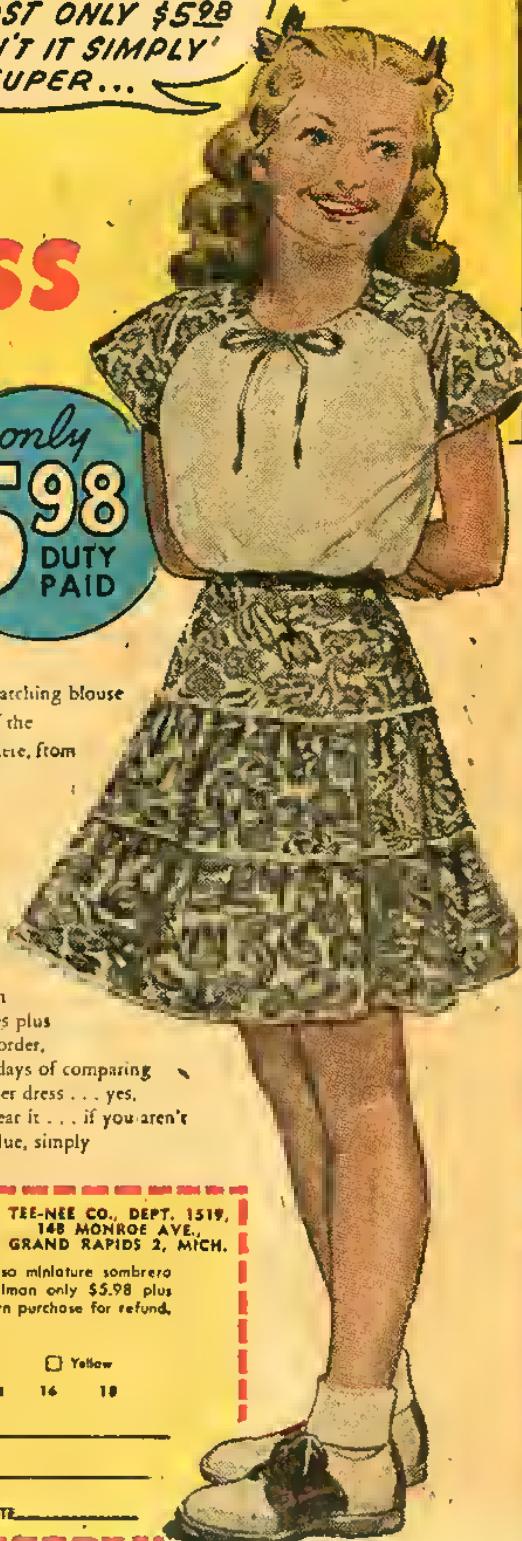
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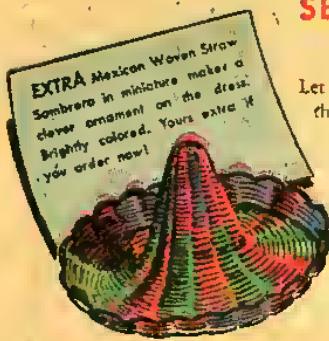


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